

SENTIMENTAL AND HUMOUROUS ESSAYS,

CONDUCTIVE TO ECONOMY AND HAPPINESS.

DRAWN FROM

*Common Sayings and Subjects, which are full of Common Sense, the best
Sense in the World.*

BY NOAH WEBSTER,
AUTHOR OF THE EFFECTS OF SLAVERY, &c.

In the Manner of Dr. Franklin.



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ADDRESS.

TO THE READER.

THE rapid Sale which the following Pages have experienced in America it is hoped will be deemed a sufficient Motive for their Importation into this Country. Indeed, it were almost impossible that this little Work should not share in the Celebrity of its Author, whose Abilities in the literary Field have placed him among the most useful Writers on the other Side of the Atlantic.

It will be observed that many Localities occur in the Course of the Work. These however are retained, as it would have been uncandid to cover American Ground with English Leaves. For the same Reason we announce the Change of the Title, which, as originally called, THE PROMPTER, was not explanatory of a Work of this Nature.

The

ADDRESS.

The Author seems to have had the Plan of the worthy Dr. Franklin in View, and on the Score of Originality he is entitled to some Credit. Indeed, from the great Number of Aphorisms in common Use, uncommented upon, it is to be hoped that he will extend his Labours. At any Rate, with respect to the Pages before us, the Author has endeavoured to spread the Seeds of Economy and Happiness, of which it is intended the Reader should reap the Harvest.

THE EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.



A PROMPTER is the man who, in plays, sits behind the scenes, looks over the rehearser, and with a moderate voice, corrects him when wrong, or assists his recollection, when he forgets the next sentence. A Prompter then says but little, but that little is very necessary, and often does much good. He helps the actors on the stage at a dead lift, and enables them to go forward with spirit and propriety.

The writer of this little Book took it into his head to prompt the numerous actors upon the great theatre of life; and he sincerely believes that his main motive was to do good. He cast about to find the method of writing calculated to do the most general good. He wanted to whip vice and folly out of the country; he thought of Hudibras and M'Fingal; and pondered well whether he should attempt the masterly style of those writings. He found this would not do;

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for like most modern rhimers, he is no poet, and he always makes bungling work at imitation.

The Prompter thought of the grave diction of sober moral writers, and the pompous flowing style of modern historians. Fame began now to prick up his vanity to try an imitation of the great Dr. Robertson, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Gibbon, those giants of literature. He thought, if he could muster dollars enough to buy a style-mill, with which those heroes of science undoubtedly cut out sentences for their works, he should succeed to a tittle. But then it occurred to him, that when he had cut and shaped his periods into exact squares, diamonds, pentagons, parallelograms and other mathematical figures, they might not contain very clear, precise, definite ideas; one half of his readers would not understand him. The style-mill then, or as some people contemptuously call it, the word-mill, would not answer the Prompter's purpose of doing as much good as possible, by making men wiser and better.

At length he determined to have nothing to do with a brilliant flow of words, a pompous elegance

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of diction ; for what have the world to do with the sound of words ? The Prompter's business is with the world at large, and the mass of mankind are concerned only with common things. A dish of high-seasoned turtle is rarely found ; it sometimes occurs at a gentleman's table, and then the chance is, it produces a surfeit. But good solid roast beef is a common dish for all men ; it sits easy on the stomach ; it supports, it strengthens, and invigorates. Vulgar sayings and proverbs, so much despised by the literary epicures, the Chesterfields of the age, are the roast beef of science. They contain the experience, the wisdom, of nations and ages compressed into the compass of a nut-shell. To crack the shell, and extract the contents, to feed those who have appetites, is the aim of this little book.

There is nothing new in the field of knowledge. Every thing that a writer can now say has been said before, times without number. But the manner of telling truths may be almost infinitely diversified, and he whose manner of writing takes most general and effectual hold of the human mind will be the most useful writer. All a writer can

P R E F A C E.

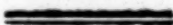
now do is to vary his style, so as to make common things appear new; and this is all the Prompter has attempted. One thing the reader may be assured of, the Prompter has no malice towards one of the human race; and there is not in this book one personal reflection.

MAXIMS,



COMMON SAYINGS,

MAXIMS, &c.



NUMBER I.

THE BELLOWS.

THE Bellows is a very useless piece of household furniture. The blacksmith and the silversmith must have a pair of Bellows ; but in a family there is no need of them.— Dr. Franklin has said, “ Time is *money* ;” the Prompter says, “ Common Sense is *money*.” If wood be so laid upon the hearth, that it will not burn as well without blowing as with it, the man who lays it is not the wiser for experience, nor has he improved by facts within his daily observation.

My friend, Jack Lounger, puts his coals and brands on the hearth, and piles the wood above ; he then goes to work with the Bellows ; he blows till the room is full of smoke, and makes a blaze ; he stops, and the blaze subsides ; he then plies the Bellows, till he is

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quite vexed ; the fire will take its own time ; Nature will not be hurried.

Billy Trim, with the same advantages for improvement, has attended more to the principles of Nature. He lays a few chips near the log, but not quite close to it ; he places the brands of fire and large coals on the top, leaving small openings of half an inch, or an inch, and then lays wood loosely over the coals. The ashes below are removed ; a current of air ascends ; the fire brightens, and soon kindles into a flame. Billy Trim calls this " Nature's Bellows ;" every person can make it ; it costs nothing ; *Common Sense is money.*



NUMBER II.

GREEN WOOD WILL LAST LONGER THAN DRY.

SO will *straw* for cattle last longer than *hay*. But the question is, which will make the best fire and most heat. Ask the distiller, the brick-maker, and the potter ; these people will tell you that dry wood will make more heat, as well as give it more steadily than the green. It is a slovenly practice to burn green wood. You lay a pile of green wood over the fire ; it will not burn ; you get kindlers, or faggots, which make a blaze ; you blow it with the bellows ; it smokes : after half an hour's work, the juices of the wood are so far evaporated, that the wood just begins to burn. For some time you have a roasting

fire ; then the fire decays, and the room being well heated, you neglect the fire, till a few coals only remain : then you pile on another supply of green wood, which requires another half hour's labour, while you are freezing with cold.

The Prompter says, Burn dry wood, except for logs ; put on but a stick or two at once ; this will make a fire immediately, without bellows and without trouble. As soon as the fire subsides, feed it again with a single stick, thus keeping the air of your room of uniform temperature. This will heat your room better, and with less wood.

Cut your wood in January and February, when it has the least sap ; cut it up, or saw it, and lay it in your wood house. Then you will not be vexed for wood in summer, nor with smoking away the sap of green wood in bellows blowing.

“ But (say you) I have no wood house.”— Then you want a very necessary building. If you cannot cover your wood, be content to pile it, in the open air, six months before burning.



NUMBER III.

THE FIDGETS.

WHEN a man or a woman is very restless, and has many oddities, he or she is said to *fidget*. A man, who would not marry for fear of the expence of a family, but will keep twenty ducks to feed, and a dozen

cats and dogs to play with, gets the name of an old bachelor. In truth, he has the *fidgets*.

The lonely maiden of fifty, whose companions are a pair of monkeys, half a dozen puppies or squirrels, and perhaps, for a pretty little pet, a huge bear or a mastiff, is said to *fidget*. A man, who is fairly hipped, and a hysteric woman are remarkable for *fidgets*. They are much laughed at for their oddities. But those, who think these are the only people who have the *fidgets*, think wide of the truth. These have only *domestic fidgets*; but the *fidgets* is a disorder as various in its operations and appearances as a fever. Simple *fidgets*, in the first stage, is like a slow fever; it is not violent, but sticks fast to the patient. When the disorder rises to what is vulgarly called the *tantrums*, it then resembles the fever and ague. But, in the last stages, when it arises to what is called the *blue devils*, it is like an inflammatory or malignant fever. When the violence of the disorder abates, it often becomes of the putrid kind, and the patient is intolerable.

How little do men observe the most obvious things. I know fifty men who are in the last stages of the *fidgets*, and the by-standers have not found out their disease. The most dangerous kind of *fidgets* is the *political fidgets*. It begins with universal itching, and the patient is often seen scratching his head and back as he walks along the streets. Now the itch is said to be occasioned by little animalculæ in the skin; so the *fidgets*, I apprehend, with de-

ference to the Faculty, may be occasioned by a vermicular animal in the brain. Why not ? The madness of dogs is said to arise from a little worm under the tongue, and the political fidgets, in the last stages, resemble the hydrophobia to a tittle. The patient begins with simple scratching, and soon snarls and bites ; he then becomes incoherent ; and, in his last ravings, nothing can be heard but Government,—treason,—election,—six dollars a day ! All the world cries out the man is mad ! No such thing ;—he is only *fidgety*.

But of all the *fidgets* which have fallen under my observation, the most laughable is the *purse fidgets*. This shows itself in a variety of ways in different professions. The lawyer, when he has this disorder, cries, “ Adjournment,—next term,—false verdict,—my client is wronged ; I’ll have a new trial. The Physician exclaims “ oh ! talk of incurables ! the belly-ach ; the consumption ; cancers ! Why do you not come to me in season ? ” The pious parson has the offer of a parish with a salary of 100l. a year ; he doubts whether he has a call from heaven ; he hesitates ; he has another offer of 130l. his doubts are removed ? he sees clearly he has a *call* ; Now what is all this but the *purse fidgets* ?

But look ye to the merchant for the *purse fidgets*. Here it shews itself at first by the patient’s whispering about *cheap ! cheap !* then the patient enters the *church* or the *lodge*, to secure the custom of the brethren ; then he becomes a fanatic in religion ; talks with the

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minister and the deacon ; goes to the night meetings ; finally, the patient begins to rave : “ Here we go ! We give the lead in cheapness ! penny on the shilling ! come and see ! goods *must* be sold ! cheap as dirt ! ” What is this but *purse fidgets* ? When a man bellows and blusters, let us be out of harm’s way. A beggar wraps his handkerchief about his leg ; he limps woefully while in sight ; he gets his penny ; but out of sight, he walks as straight as an arrow. When my family go to town a shopping, I tell them to shun *cheap shops*, for the owners have the *purse fidgets*—the worst kind of fidgets. Reputation is dear to us ; no man makes himself a fool for *nothing* ; he has his views ; if he sells one or two articles very *cheap*, it is ten to one but he will cheat us in every thing else.



NUMBER IV.

A NOSE.

WHAT of a *Nose* ? Tristram Shandy has said much of Noses, which I shall not repeat. I was in company the other day, with a friend of mine who had been reading Lavater on Physiognomy. He was struck, it seems, with Lavater’s remark, that the *Nose is the index of a man’s abilities*. If the Nose grows from end to end in a line with the forehead, so that a line drawn from the forehead to the tip of the nose will strike the nose at both ends, it is said to be an infallible proof that the man who wears the Nose has little

genius. But when the Nose peeps out of the head close upon a line with the eyes, so that the line from the forehead to the tip of the Nose leaves a deep hollow in the Nose between the eyes, there says Lavater is the index of genius. What of all this? Nothing, indeed; but I am determined to examine the Noses of our Great Men. For logic says, if the Nose on one man's face is an index of *his* genius; the Great Noses of the State will furnish an index of the genius of the *whole* State.

Gentle reader! It would amuse the Prompter to see thee, after reading this, to take a peep at thy *own* Nose.



NUMBER V.

THE UNDER-LIP.

MOST people think the lips are made merely to cover the teeth, and to kiss and be kissed. This is not true, for they do not always cover the teeth; in some faces, a projecting tooth is the first thing that presents itself to our view, nor are lips always used for kissing, for some nations kiss the cheek, the hand, or the ear. But to my purpose: a lip, like Lavater's Nose, may be an index of the mind. I pass over all kinds of lips, but the *large, banging, driveling, Under-Lip*. This sort of lip favours of the drone. It is the enemy of all order, neatness, and industry. I had rather have Mary Magdalen's seven devils in the family, than one *huge*

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driveling Under-Lip. Nay, I would as soon employ a man, with Lavater's strait Nose, to make laws for the state, as a man or woman, with a monstrous Under-Lip, to labour for me. Nature has been kind enough to hang out, upon every man's face, the sign of the commodities for market within. Then look at the sign before you make a bargain.

Yet in avoiding the *Lip of dulness*, do not run against edge-tools. A *thin* pair of Lips, that make good joints, are usually wrought of good stuff, well *tempered* by nature, and honed to a razor's edge. Touch them, and they cut. Look to that, gentle reader.



NUMBER VI.

THE GRACE OF GOD IN DOLLARS.

I Met a plump-faced Speculator, the other day, staggering under a heavy canvas bag. With true Yankee freedom I asked him what he had in his bag? "*The Grace of God*," replied the wag. Ah! said I, I have often heard of that article, but never saw it in a bag. By this time, he had slipped his hand into the bag, and taking out a dollar, "there," said he, "*Dei gratia*, Carolus III, is stamped upon the face of every dollar in the bag." I was surprised to hear a Speculator say, he had the *grace of God*, especially such a load as to stagger under it; but upon explaining himself, my surprise ceased, and I smiled. He had cleared three hundred dollars that morning, by the sale of a public paper: He was too much pleased with the abundance of his

grace to stand discussing nice points, and we parted.



NUMBER VII.

EVERY ONE TO HIS NOTION.

MOST certainly; and the Prompter to *his* notion, of course. If a man is a little *odd in his way*, as we vulgarly phrase it, or what the French call *outré*, his friends say he is a *notional creature*, or *full of notions*. And where is the man or woman living, that is not *full of notions*? Even Congress have their notions. One of the most distinguished *spouters* in that honourable body will insist upon it that the Speaker of the house of Representatives is next in rank to the PRESIDENT. This man is certainly a *notional creature*; but *every one to his notion*. Others have contended warmly that their residence ought to be fixed in the woods about Conegocheague; but it is best to remove thither, *by little and little*. Is not this a *notion*?

The legislature of Massachusetts, some years ago, took it into their heads to kill the profession of Law by a queer act; but the attempt failed. People would still go to lawyers, and lawyers would live, while people would employ them. But the General Court was full of *notions*. Let lawyers multiply till a famine of business comes upon them, and then they will die like Egyptian frogs.

A neighbour of mine, who is a *full-grown man*, asserts, that the surface of the ocean is

higher than the land, and that by a constant miraculous restraint of the Almighty, the water is kept from overflowing the earth. His opinion is founded on those words of scripture, *the bounds are set*. This man is *full of notions*. Do not laugh at my neighbour, gentle reader, for I will bet ten to one, that in some other particular, thou art just as *notional* thyself.

Love is the most *notional* passion; not excepting ambition and superstition. I once knew a woman, who had a very amiable daughter, declare it was *monstrous indelicate*, for a young lady to love a man. She might love an elegant house, a carriage, and even money: but to love a man's person was shocking. But every one to her notion.

When I was a young man, I knew an Attorney who was attached to what is called *family*; that is, whose family by good luck had stripped off their woollen shirts and checked aprons just one generation before, and kept them off, till their companions who had associated with them in their woollen dress, were mostly dead. The Attorney had not wore linen shirts so long by ten years as this *family*? and yet had the assurance to fall in love with one of the daughters. The man however did not meet with cold looks from the daughter: but the parents walked a tip toe at the affront offered *their female family*. The daughter was *notional* as well as the parents: they intended to have *their notion*, but he had *hers*: and a very good notion

it was, for a more happy couple does not exist.

But the strangest of all notions is, that parents will not permit their daughters or sons to love for themselves. I know a widow with a family of likely daughters, who insists upon it that her daughters do not know how to love for themselves: she therefore means to love for them. She is an odd woman, and a notional creature: *but every one to his notion.*



NUMBER VIII.

HE DOES NOT WORK IT RIGHT.

WHAT a vulgar saying the Prompter has selected for his text in this number! Yet these vulgar sayings are often full of good sense.

I knew a young man who left the army with an invincible attachment to gambling. He followed it closely till he had lost most of his wages; he then purchased a shop of goods, mostly on credit; he had his nightly frolics; *he kept it up*; he was a blood of the first rate; his goods were soon gone, and not paid for; his creditors called, and he began to cry *peccavi*; in fact, *he did not work it right*. But his friends helped him out of six scrapes, yea out of seven. At length necessity broke his spirit; it tamed him; he married; became a man of business; recovered his lost credit; and now *he works it right*.

I often say to myself, as I ride about the country, what a pity it is our farmers or

farmers do not work it right. When I see a man turn his cattle into the street to run at large, and waste their dung, during a winter's day, I say this man *does not work it right.* Ten loads of good manure, at least, are lost in a season by this slovenly practice; and all for what? For nothing indeed, but to ruin a farm.

So when I see cattle, late in the fall, or early in the spring, rambling in a meadow or mowing field, poaching the soil, and breaking the grass roots, I say to myself, this man *does not work it right.*

So when I see a barn-yard with a drain to it, I say the owner *does not work it right*; for how easy is it to make a yard hollow, or lowest in the middle, to receive all the wash of the sides, which will be thus kept dry for the cattle. The wash of the yard, mixed with any kind of earth, or putrid straw, is the best manure in the world; yet how much do our farmers lose! In fact they *do not work it right.*

When I pass along the road, and see a house with the clap-boards hanging an end by one nail, and old hats and cloths stuffed into the broken windows, and the fences tumbling down or destroyed; I conclude the owner loves rum; in truth, he *does not work it right.*

When I see a man frequently attending courts, I suspect he *does not work it right.*

When I see a countryman often go to the retailers with a bottle, or the labouring man

carrying home a bottle of rum, after his work is done on Saturday-night, I am certain the man *does not work it right*.

When a farmer divides a farm of 100 acres of land among five or six sons, and builds a small house for each, and sets them to work for a living on a little patch of land, I question whether *he works it right*. And when these sons are afterwards unable to live on these mutilated farms, and are compelled by a host of children to go to work by the day to get bread, I believe they are all convinced that they *have not worked it right*.

When a man tells me his wife will not consent to go from home into new settlements, where he may have land enough, and live like a Nabob, and therefore he is obliged to sit down on a corner of his father's farm, I laugh at him, and some time or other he will own, *he has not worked it right*.

A Man in trade, who is not punctual in his payments, certainly *does not work it right*, nor does the man who trusts his goods to *any body and every body*.

Whether in Congress or a kitchen, the person who *talks much is little regarded*. Some members of Congress then certainly *do not work it right*. A hint to the *wife* is sufficient; but twenty hints have not been sufficient to silence the clamorous tongues of some congressional spouters.

Family government gives complexion to the manners of a town; but when we see, every where, children profane, indelicate, rude,

faucy, we may depend on it their *parents do not work it right.*

I once knew a young man of excellent hopes, who was deeply in love with a lady ; The first time he had an opportunity to whisper in her ear, and before he had made any impression on her heart in his favour, he sighed out his sorrowful tale to her, in full explanation : The lady was frightened ; she soon rid herself of the distressed lover ; she said, *he did not work it right.*



NUMBER IX.

IT WILL DO FOR THE PRESENT:

THIS common saying does as much mischief in society as *rum* or *a pestilence*. If I hear a man, whether a farmer, or a mechanic, or any other person, often repeat that saying, and appear to act from the opinion, that *it will do for the present*, I rely on it he is a sloven, a drone, or something worse. I never knew such a man thrive.

A young man, setting out in life, is in haste to be married. He wants a house to live in, but is not fully able to build one ; yet perhaps his pride requires a large showy house. At last, between poverty and pride, he determines to build a large house, but not till he is *more able*. He sets up a large two story house, with four rooms in a story ; he covers it, and paints it. This is a showy house ; his pride exults to see passengers stare at his elegant house. But though *pride* go-

Verns the *outside*, *poverty* reigns *within* ; he can finish but two rooms, half finish one or two more, and lay a loose floor above, to spread his corn upon. This elegant mansion-house then is a granary, a corn-house. The man and a litter of children below, and rats and mice above, But the man has but 20 or 30 acres of land, or an indifferent trade ; his family grows faster than his income ; he is not able to finish his house : The covering soon decays, and admits water ; the house falls to pieces ; the man is forced *poor* into the wilderness, or he and his children totter about, dependent on their neighbours for subsistence by day-labour.

I know one of these *do-for-the-present-farmers* who never effectually repairs his fences ; but when a breach is made, he fills it with a bush, which a sheep may remove ; if a rail is broke, and another is not at hand, he takes the next billet of wood, inserts one end in the post, and ties up the other with elm or hickory bark ; he says, *this will do for the present*. His cattle learn to be unruly ; to remedy the evil, fetters, shackles, clogs, yokes, and what he calls *pokes*, are invented ; and his cattle and horses are doomed to hobble about their pasture, with a hundred weight of wood or iron machines upon their feet and necks.. The man himself in two years spends time enough, in patching up his fences and making fetters, to make a good effectual fence round his whole farm, which would want very little repairing in twenty years.

In family affairs, these *do-for-the-present-folks* double their necessary labour. They labour hard to put things *out of order*, and then it requires nearly the same work to put them into order again. A man uses an axe, a hoe, a spade, and throws it down where he uses it, instead of putting it in its proper place under cover. Exposed to the weather, tools do not last more *than half* so long, as when kept housed; but this is not all:—a sloven leaves the tool where he last used it; or throws it down any where at random; in a few days he wants it again; he has forgot where he left it; he goes to look for it; he spends perhaps half an hour in the search of it, or walks a distance to get it: this time is lost, for it breaks in upon some other business. The loss of this small portion of time appears trifling; but slovens and sluts incur such losses every day; and the loss of these little scraps of time determines a man's fortune. Let the Prompter make a little calculation. A farmer, whose family expends 100 l. a year, if he can clear ten pounds a year, is a thriving man. In order to get his 110 l. suppose he labours ten hours in a day: in this case, if he loses an *hour* every day, in repairing the carelessness of the day before, (and every sloven and every slut loses more time than this every day, for want of care and order,) he loses a *tenth* part of his time; a *tenth* part of his income; this is *eleven pounds*. Such a man cannot thrive; he must grow poorer, from want of *care*, of *order*, and of *method*.

So it is with a woman. A neat woman, who does business quick and thoroughly, keeps things *in order* with about *half the labour* that a slut employs who keeps things for ever *out of order*. If a pail or a kettle is used, it is directly made clean, fit for other uses, and put in its place. When it is wanted, it is ready. But a slut uses an article, and leaves it *any where*, dirty, and unfit for use another time. By and by it is wanted, and cannot be found. "Mary, where did you leave the kettle?" "I han't had the kettle; Nan had it last." "Did you have the kettle?" "Yes, but it is dirty." So the kettle is found, but it is half an hour's work to fit it for the purpose required; in the mean time, the necessary business must lie by. Yet this woman says, when she does any thing, *it will do for the present*.

I have only to add, that I went to church, on a late cold Sunday, when a neighbouring clergyman officiated. He had spoken to the *fifteenth* division of his sermon, when the clock struck *one*. Every man was shivering with cold, and shuffling his feet; the parson took the hint, and broke off with, "*this will do for the present*."



NUMBER X.

IT WILL DO FOR THE PRESENT. Part 2d.

CUSTOM, with an iron rod, rules four-fifths of mankind. My *father* planted corn in a certain piece of land; it answered

well ; I do the same, though it does *not* answer well. My neighbour such-a-one tells me that I had better try a change of crops, deep plowing or sowing turnips or clover ; it may be the land will recruit. But my neighbour is notional, and fond of *new things* ; I do not like projects. My father did so before me, and *it does for the present*.

So says the Virginian Planter ; he has raised tobacco on a field, until the soil is exhausted ; he knows not how to fertilize the land again ; his only resource is to clear a new spot, and take the benefit of nature's manure. *This does for the present*. But when his land is *all* impoverished, what will he do ? Go to Kentucky, as the New-England men go to Genesee. But when the western world is all peopled, what will our *do-for-the-present-folks* do for good land. The answer is easy ; necessity will compel them to use *common sense* ; and common sense will soon make old poor land rich again. When farmers learn *to work it right*, they will keep it good. How does nature *work it* ? Why, nature covers land with herbage ; that herbage withers, and rots upon the land ; and gradually forms a rich black mould. But farmers when they have used land till it bears *no crops*, let it lie without feeding it. No herbage grows on the land, till weeds and a little grass creep in by chance ; after three or four years, the farmer plows it for a crop, and has a job at killing weeds. Surely the man *does not work*

it right; but he says, this will do for the present.

But no *body* is so apt to put off things with. *it will do for the present, as corporate bodies.* If the navigation of a river wants improvement, the *public body*, that is *any body, every body, and nobody*, immediately exclaim, "how did our *fathers* get along? the river did well enough for them; *it must do for the present.*" If a bad law exists, by which the *public money* is to be collected in the *worst manner* that can be imagined: or if a constitution is defective, in permitting the same men to be *makers and judges* of a law; or the same men to rejudge a cause in a *higher court*, which they before judged in a *lower court*: or which makes a legislature of 200 men a Supreme Court, to review the decisions of all inferior court, and reverse their judgment; or if a constitution has *no executive at all*, and a *judiciary power* dependent on the annual votes of 200 men, which is little better than *none*; I say, if a man proposes any reformation in these particulars, the public body says, Away with your *projects*; *let us go on in the good old way; it will do for the present.*

So in little public bodies, a town, or city, the poor must be provided for; bridges must be built; roads must be repaired. How? By a tax or by labour? Is it best to raise money enough this year to pay the town debt? No, says the town; We will raise *almost* enough; *this will do for the present.* Let a little debt accrue every year, till the

whole will make a *shilling tax*; and pay the whole at once,—Put off, put off, says the Town; *and so says the sinner.*

A Bridge must be built. Is it best to build a good one, of stone, or some materials that will last? No, it will cost *more*, says the town; a wooden bridge *will do for the present.* The water may carry it away; it will decay, and some body may break his neck by its fall; but no matter; *it must do for the present.*

I will close with the following short but pertinent letter, which I have lately received from an unknown hand.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR,

IN your last number, do you mean *me*?

A. B.

To A. B.

SIR,

I *do*, and all that are like you between A and Z, and you have not on earth a better friend than the

PROMPTER.



NUMBER XI.

To the PROMPTER,

SIR,

HOW SHOULD I WORK IT?

A. Z.

ACCORDING to what there is to be done, If you would do a *great deal* and do it *well*, write in large letters, and paste up over the fire place of your keeping-room, the fol-

following maxim of the great *De Wit*, Pensionary of Holland, DO ONLY ONE THING AT A TIME.

Are you a farmer? keep each kind of work, as much as possible, by itself. Do not run to half a dozen fields in a day, and work a little in each, unless necessity obliges you to do it. That work, which may be done at any time, should be done in winter, or when you have leisure. Get wood in winter, and cover it; if I see a man, *in midst of harvest*, forced to go after a load of wood, I am sure *he has not worked it right*. Keep a complete set of instruments, or tools. When I see a man running to one neighbour after a fan, and to another after a shovel, I set him down, not only as poor, but as *doomed* to be poor. His neighbour's fan or his shovel *will do for the present*, but the occasions for them occur often, and how much time and labour are lost in going after them! If you would work to advantage, keep a complete set of utensils for your business; keep them *housed*, that they may last long; and in *their place*, that you may easily find them.

Do not run in debt to buy land. Land will not generally support a family, and pay taxes and *interest* on its value. If you have but a small piece of land, cultivate it well, make it produce as much as possible, and if you can get more than will maintain you from this little farm, lay out the surplus in buying more. If you cannot get more than a subsistence, it is time to lessen expences, or

sell out, and buy in new land. Depend *on* it, farmers, who pay interest, *do not work it right.*

Never do work by halves. If you build a house or a barn, lay a plan that is within your power, and then *finish* what you begin. For want of the *last* half, the *first* is often totally lost.

Never buy rum on credit, nor until you have laid up money enough to pay your year's taxes. Then a little rum will taste good. The man who drinks rum before it is paid for *does not work it right.* His appetite runs away with his purse, and his judgment too.



NUMBER XII.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR,

HOW SHOULD I WORK IT?

A. Z.

ARE you a parent? Then you have a hard task to be both the *friend* and the *master* of your children; and if you are *not both*, you *do not work it right.* Sometimes you are the fond indulgent parent; nothing is too good for the darling; he may pout and strike, or kick over the tea-kettle, cups, and glasses; and you would moderately say, "why Billy, how you behave; that is not pretty; I shall not love you for that." At other times you are in a pet, and the child by *accident* in mere play, or in attempting to drink, lets fall a tumbler, or a tea cup; you

fly at him, and fall on him like a mastiff, and cuff his ears, and shake him to a jelly. In the *first* case, you are the *wreak silly dupe* of your child; in the *last*, you are the *tyrant, the madman*; thus you do not work it right. Hear what the Prompter says; Never strike your child in a *passion*; never punish him for *accidental mischief*; never fail to punish for *obstinate disobedience*, or *wilful mischief*; and, a word to you in particular, when you have *real cause* to correct him, never cease till his temper gives way, and he becomes *really submissive*. A blow or two only raises his anger, and increases wilful obstinacy; if you quit him then, you do hurt rather than good; you make your child worse. But if you continue to apply the rod, till his mind bends, and softens down into humble supplication, believe me, that child will rarely or never want a second correction; the Prompter has tried it in repeated instances.

But, say some folks, the rod should be sparingly used. True; but as most people use it, one correction only makes way for another, and frequent whippings harden the child, till they have no effect. Now mind the Prompter; *two simple rules*, if observed, will prevent this; 1st. *Never punish a child when he does not deserve it*; 2d. *When he does deserve it, make the first punishment EFFECTUAL*. If you strike a child for *accidental mischief*, or for what he does *ignorantly* or in *good humour*, the child is not conscious he has done wrong; he is *grieved* at first; if such punish-

ment is frequent, it excites indignation ; he is angry with his parent, and thinks him cruel ; then correction does more hurt than good.

I sincerely believe that *nine* times out of *ten*, the bad conduct of children is owing to parents, who father most of it upon Adam and the Devil.

Parents *then* do not *work it right* ; They work it thus ; a child wants an apple ; and a child is governed by *appetite*, not by *reason* ; the parent says *he must not have it* : but he says it with a simple unmeaning tone of voice, that makes no impression on the child. The child cries for the apple ; the parent is angry, and tell him, he shall not have the apple ; the child bawls ; and perhaps strikes his little brother, or throws down a glass in anger ; at last the parent is tired with the noise, and, to appease the child, gives him the apple. *Does this parent work it right ?* So far from it, that he loses the little authority he had over the child ; the order of things is changed ; the child is the *master* ; and when the child has been master a few months, you may as well break his *neck* as his *will*. A thousand lashes on a young *master's* back, will not do so much as one *decisive command*, before he becomes *master* of his parents.

Now listen to my advice ; the idea is *new*, A child does not regard so much *what* a parent says, as *how* he says it. A child looks at his parent's eye, when he speaks ; and there he reads intuitively *what* his parent

means, and *how much* he means. If a parent speak with *an air of indifference*, *without emphasis*, or look another way when he speaks, the child pays little or no regard to what he says. (I speak of a young child over whom a parent has not yet established an authority.) But if a parent, when he commands a child to do or not to do, looks at him with the *eye of command*, and speaks with a tone and air of authority, the child is impressed with this *manner of commanding*, and will seldom venture to disobey. A steady uniform authority of this kind, which never varies from its purpose, which never gives way to the caprices or appetites of children, which carries every command *into effect*, will prevent the necessity of a rod. I am bold to say that a parent who has this steady authority will never have occasion to correct a child of *common sensibility*; and never but once a child of *uncommon obstinacy*. *This is the way every parent and master should work it.*

But the common practice is, for a parent to throw away his own authority, and become the slave of his children; and when the young *masters* grow headstrong and commit all manner of mischief, then the parent complains of old Adam, original sin, and the Devil; and swears he'll drive the devil out, or he'll *know the reason why*. Then for the *fig* and the *rod*.

IT IS BETTER TO BORROW THAN TO BUY.

SO says my correspondent, but he thinks as I do. Yes, if you want a thing but once in your life, it is better to borrow than to buy. But to think of borrowing the instruments of every day, or of a professional business! Yes, it is cheaper to borrow a thousand dollars than to earn it; but, look ye, when a man has borrowed the money, how much richer is he for it? It is easier to go once to a neighbour's for a shovel than to work two days to buy it; but, alack, a farmer wants a shovel a great many times in the year, and the trouble of going after and returning it is *interest* on the worth of of it; yes, *double interest*. Now look ye to this, my friend; if a man work two days for a shovel, he earns it, and he has a shovel of his own; he is richer by the whole value of a shovel. But, when he goes to borrow it, he labours, and gets nothing; he may spend a week's time in *borrowing*, but where is his shovel when he has done? Does he work it *right*?

TO THE PROMPTER.

SIR,

SUPPOSE public officers to be unfaithful, and some thousands of pounds in arrear; or, suppose men, in the first offices of government, act like mere old women; *do they work it right?*

TOM QUERIST.

The Prompter thinks they do not; but they do not work it half so *wrong* as those who fill offices with *such men*,

NUMBER XIV.

COME, WE'LL TAKE T'OTHER SIP.

THE grog-drinker is not the only man who takes the *t'other sip*. The drone, the sluggard, opens his eyes upon the morning dawn; he stretches; rolls over; gapes; feels drowsy; says it is time enough yet; hugs the pillow, and takes *the t'other sip*. He naps away a precious hour or two, when he might have earned his breakfast.

The gamester takes a hand at whist in the evening; a hand or two can do no harm; it is an amusement; a quarter of a dollar a corner is a trifle; his mind is engaged; if he has *lost* a game, he must play another to win; if he has won, he hopes to win again; he must take the *t'other sip*; and the *t'other*; and the *t'other*; the bell rings nine o'clock; but *one more* hand can do no harm; who would go to bed with the chickens? The clock strikes *twelve*; but *one more* hand, and I positively go; The clock strikes *one*; he starts; damns his luck; but the next evening he will take another sip; he swears he will recover what he has lost; he marches home, when not an animal should be awake, but owls, and rats, and thieves.

The poor man, with a score of bare-footed children, breadless and naked, works hard for a little meat to silence the demands of hunger, and a little wood to warm their naked limbs. But there is a lottery;—*a prize of a thousand dollars!* and not two blanks to a prize! Yes,

one prize that is worth having, among *nine thousand* tickets! Glorious chance? *nine thousand to one* against him! But a ticket he must have. Four or five days labour, the subsistence of several days must be bartered for a ticket! *Nine thousand to one* against him! Is this all? No, no. He is anxious for good fortune; he must stand by, and see the drawing;—a week more lost; time is money; the price of the ticket is *two* dollars, and it costs him *four*. The wheel of fortune rolls, and rolls, and rolls him up a blank—a blank! But like the grog-drinker, who takes the other sip, he must try his luck again. Luckless man! *nine thousand to one* are odds against him. *One certainty* is better than a *thousand* Lotteries, where *some thousands* of probabilities are against a man.

But must we discourage Lotteries when public utility is their object? No. Let every one buy tickets, who is able to pay a tax to the amount of the price.

Suppose a poor man saves enough out of his usual grog-expences to buy a ticket. This is very well; but it would be better to save the money to buy bread and a pair of shoes for a shoeless boy.



NUMBER XV.

ANY OTHER TIME WILL DO AS WELL.

YES, yes; but are you sure that *any other time* will arrive? or, if it should, are you certain you can attend to it? If I hear

a man or a woman say frequently, *any other time will do as well*, I set them down on my list, the one as *slack*, and *slovenly*; the other, a *careless*, *slipshod* buffy.

Call on such a man to settle his accounts; "Oh! I can't attend to it now," says the man, "it will do as well *any other time*." Call again; Oh! I am busy; it will do as well to-morrow, or any other time. Call a third and a fourth time; but he is never ready. The account stands unsettled; it increases from year to year; at length death, that sturdy tyrant, trips up his heels, and lays him flat on his back; his accounts unsettled, his administrator has work enough upon his hands; for a man, who will settle his accounts *at any other time* will generally make his charges in the same way; he does not set down every article at the time of purchase or sale; he trusts to memory; he can remember the article and price, and charge it at *any other time*; he forgets; makes mistakes; his books are irregularly kept; they are disputed; his administrator has no proof but the books; and other people are alive to swear to *their* accounts, or produce other evidence. Then begin lawsuits; and when *law* opens the door of litigation, *poverty* follows up close, and enters with it. Juries and arbitrators decide these disputes upon vague uncertain evidence; and somebody suffers the loss. So much for this *any other time*.

But suppose a man lives long, as the worst men generally live the longest; why he

plagues every one that has any dealings with him ; yes, and is eternally haunted himself.

The Prompter has heard it said, that *take care of the farthings, the pounds will take care of themselves*. Now a word upon this, if you please. Take special care of little *shilling* accounts ; they are like the old serpent, who deceived Eve, *sly, insinuating, tempting*, things. "How much does it cost?" is the question whenever an article is to be purchased. *A shilling*, is the answer. Oh! then get it by all means ; a *shilling* is a *trifle*. It is so, but "*sands form the mountain*." Look to that, I say. The whole evil is, that this *shilling* is a *trifle* ; a *dollar* ! that is *no* trifle ; I can't afford a *dollar* ! Very well ; a dollar consists only of the small number of *six* shillings, and when six of these little *trifles*, these Lilliputian shillings, are gone ; a dollar, that gigantic part of a man's estate, is gone. But the Prompter, it must be understood, is not against buying twelve pennyworth of value for the shilling, otherwise how will the Prompter sell his little book?—his advice is as good as physic—and much cheaper.

Now then in order to baffle the temptation of spending shillings, settle your accounts often, *once a year at least* ; for otherwise they will swell into an unmanly size. Suppose four neighbours take a news-paper in partnership. This makes the expence a *trifle*. Very good ; this is laudable ; it is *æconomical*. But suppose you do not *pay* this trifle ; How are the printers, and post-riders, and papermakers, to

live? Look ye, my friends; Connecticut river is a large river; but this river is made up of little springs, which will go through a gimblethole. When you walk about your fields, or traverse the woods, you step over little brooks, and little gurgling rills, and never think that you are stepping over Connecticut river. But remember, if all these little rills dry up, Connecticut river is gone. Just so it is with Printers, with Merchants, and with the State-Treasury. Every shilling is a little rill; a small stream that runs into the post-rider's pocket, or the collector's purse; a number of these little streams, thus united, make a large stream, like Farmington and Chickopee rivers; these streams empty into the printing-office or treasury, where they form Connecticut river, and keep the business going on. Now follow nature; little rills run *perpetually*. They *murmur* too, but they *run*, or the river dries up. They never stop and say, *any other time will do as well*.



NUMBER XVI.

ANY OTHER TIME WILL DO.

NATURE never says this. She jogs on without delay, and always does her work in season.

The Parson puts off preparation for Sunday, from Monday to Tuesday, and from Tuesday to Wednesday, and so on to Saturday. He can write a Sermon *at any time*. The first of the week slides away in visits; in business;

in amusements ; the last of the week is to be devoted to study ; but company, a sick parishioner, and twenty unexpected avocations break in upon the reserved part of the week ; no preparation is made for the duties of Sunday, until Saturday evening ; a genius may yet be tolerably well prepared in a few hours ; but how few are the preachers of such genius ! Yet even the *dull* have a resource ; an *old* sermon with a *new* text is just as good as a fresh-made sermon : True, for how few would know whether they had heard a sermon *once* or a *dozen times*. Happy dulness ! Like people, like priest !

The Doctor has a patient in a dangerous situation ; he hurries to his relief ; he makes no delay. But suppose his patient has a lingering disorder ; why, says the doctor, I can visit him *at any time*. He has assigned an hour indeed when he will see his patient ; but *any other time will do as well*. The patient waits till the hour is past ; then he becomes *impatient* ; if his disorder is not violent, most probably he is cross and irritable ; he frets at the doctor ; and ten to one the doctor loses his custom. Then the doctor believes with the Prompter, that no time will do so well as the *right time*.

The Lawyer has several causes in court ; he can prepare them for trial *at any time*. Several causes stand assigned for trial before his ; he can finish the pleadings at any time ; by some unforeseen accident, business takes a new turn ; the court urge forward to com-

plete it; his causes are called, and they are not ready; a nonsuit; a delay; or some other expensive alternative is the consequence.

The farmer's fence is down and his fields exposed to his neighbour's cattle; but he has a little job to do first; he can repair his fences at *any time*; before his *any time* comes, fifty or a hundred sheep get into his field, and eat, and trample down his wheat: For want of an hour's work, he loses ten, fifteen, or twenty bushels of wheat. His apple-trees want pruning; but he must dress his flax before he can do it; warm weather approaches; he will certainly prune his trees in a day or two; but he will finish a little job first; before he has done, the season is past; it is too late to prune his trees; they must go another year; *and half his fruit is lost*.

The lounging house-wife rises in the morning in haste; for *lazy folks* are ever in a hurry. She has not time to put on her cloaths properly; but she can do it *at any time*. She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned; her handkerchief is thrown awry across her neck; her shoes down at her heels; she bustles about with her hair over her eyes; she runs from room to room slip-shod, resolved to *do up the work* and dress herself; but folks who are slip-shod about the feet, are usually slip-shod all over the house and all day; they *begin every thing, and finish nothing*. In the midst of the poor woman's hurry, somebody comes in; she is in a flutter; runs into the next room; pins up her gown and handkerchief; hurries

back with her heels thumping the floor; "O dear, you have *caught* us all in the fuds; I intended to have *cleaned up* before any body came in; but I have had every thing to do this morning;" in the mean time, she catches hold of the broom, and begins to sweep; the dust rises, and stifles every soul present. This is ill manners indeed to brush the dust into a neighbour's face; but the woman is *very sorry it happens so*.

Many a neighbour has thus been entertained with *apologies* and *dust* at a friend's house, and wherever this takes place, depend on it, the mistress puts off to *any time*, that is, to *no time*, what ought to be done at the *present time*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Prompter sends his respects to his correspondents, with thanks for their aid. As it is his professed business to *give* good hints, he is cordially disposed to *take* them.



NUMBER XVII.

WHEN A MAN'S NAME IS UP, HE MAY LIE A-BED
TILL NOON.

BUT the Prompter's name is not *half* up; he can therefore take a short nap only.

Our good country folks who talk English, when they mean to say a man's fame is spread abroad, or his reputation extensively established, say, his *name is up*, or *he has got his name up*. How blessed is the man who has *got his name up*.

Every body knows how a certain astronomer got *his name up* for a great Almanack maker,

by foretelling snow in the month of May. The truth was, in the copy of his Almanack, in the month of May, there happened to be a blank space; he cast about for something to fill the blank space; *snow* was the first word that occurred, and *snow* was written in the blank. Heaven, not by accident, for Heaven has nothing to do with the capricious things called accidents; Heaven had determined there should be snow that year in May, and snow there was, though the Almanack maker had as little foreknowledge of this as his horse. No sooner did it snow, but all the world looked into the Almanack; "La! (said the world) our Almanack tell us of snow at this very time. This is a knowing man; he is a *genius*." What a lucky hit! The *man's name was up*; no Almanack so good as his; and while he continued to make Almanacks, Sir Isaac Newton himself would have starved upon Almanack making within the fame of this mighty conjuror, whose Almanacks, by one *mere guess* had got *his name up* and drove all competitors from the market. When this was done, he might lie a-bed till noon. A *single blunder*, before his *name was up*, would have damned his Almanacks; afterwards, fifty errors did not disorder his work, for, say the world, great men *may* mistake, but this *man's name is up*.

I have known a man get *his name up* by curing the belly-ache (excuse me, Ladies, for the Ladies in Philadelphia of the tip top fashion call certain rolls of sweet cake by a much less delicate name) with a powder of unknown

composition. All at once the Doctor is sent for to cure the belly-ache: Even the boys who eat green apples must have the belly-ache Doctor: Skill, science, wisdom, prudence, are all prostrated before that Doctor and his powder. If his patients die, no matter; *his name is up*, and he will still have business.

It is a good thing *to get one's name up*; especially for curing some disease that nobody else can cure; one that is commonly fatal. The more terrifying the disease, the better; as the consumption, or cancer, for example. But the most delectable way for the faculty to get up their names, is to advertise, as German Doctors, to prescribe for all diseases by inspecting a sample of the water; how? But to receive bottles from all quarters!

I once knew a shopkeeper, who got his name up as a *cheap trader*. He did indeed sell cheap; wondrous cheap; even *below first cost*. He began to trade with *little capital*; sold for *less* than he gave; and yet grew *rich*. How can this be? The Prompter thinks it is very easy. That article which every body wants, and knows the value of, sells very low; even lower than first cost; get your *name up*; draw all the world to your shop; and then put double profit on other goods. It is very easy and very common; the greatest blockhead can do this, and make a fortune.

So when a writer gets his *name up* he may retail all manner of nonsense, and it will find a ready market in public opinion. A good Essay appears in the newspaper. Who wrote

it? Dr. Franklin, it is said, wrote it. Well, it is like him; it is a masterly production. Some time after, the real author appears to be a young man, who, as the poet says, *is unknown to fame*; and as I say, whose *name is not up*; impossible! he cannot be the author. Who ever heard of *him* before? I am sure Dr. F— or Gov. L— helped him; in fact his *name is not up*.

I was once travelling through a neighbouring State, and enquiring for the best inns in the road, was directed to a noted one, whose owner had *got his name up* for the *best* entertainment. He had a large house well partitioned into small rooms for single lodgers. His stable was excellent; but his cookery at his table was wretched; mean indeed; I could eat nothing. But every traveller would seek this noted inn; he would ride half the night, and pass half a dozen better houses, to get to this noted inn; in fact, the man had *got his name up*, and he might lie a-bed till noon.

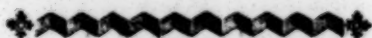
A young lady *gets her name up* for a beauty or a fortune! all the world are fighting and dying for her. Wit, sense, accomplishments, all distinguish her; beaux hang round her, like flies about a cask of sugar; suddenly she has a fit of sickness; the roses on her cheeks decay. It is discovered she has no fortune; her admirers draw off; she is a *clever girl*, but she is not *so* clever as I thought her.

I *once* knew a very sensible woman who took a great fancy to names. One of her whims was that her daughters should marry names

beginning with *H*. She could give no reason for her inclination but this ; she had known several of her neighbours who married men with a name beginning with an *H*, and they all made good husbands. They were not the greatest men, she said, but they were kind, good-natured husbands, and would suffer any thing rather than be offended. All the neighbourhood were in love with the letter *H* ; nothing would do for a husband, but this letter *H*, which some squeamish grammarians will have to be *no* letter. But the name of the letter *was up*.

To conclude, a man of the *name* of Washington some time ago passed through the village where I live. This was soon known ; Mr. Washington ! What, a relation of the President's ? This indeed was not known ; but every body really thought he looked a little like the President. All the world collected to get a peep at him as he passed the window of his lodgings ; every body bowed as he passed ; every body looked, and admired ! — The man was indeed a very great scoundrel ; but he knew human nature ; he knew the name of *Washington was up* ; he assumed the name for travelling purposes ; the President's real letters of recommendation could not have procured more respect.

When a man's name is up, *he may lie a-bed till noon*.



NUMBER XVIII.

WHAT IS EVERY BODY'S BUSINESS IS NOBODY'S.

THE consequence is, that *every body* and *nobody* are just the same thing; a truth most pointedly exemplified in the kitchen of a southern Nabob. "Phil," says the mistress, with the air of an empress; Phil appears. "Go tell Peg to tell Sue to come along here, and pick up a needle." "Yes, ma'am," answers Phil, and waddles back like a duck. "Peg, mistress says you must tell Sue to go to her, and pick up a needle." Peg carries the message to Sue, but Sue is busy cleaning a candlestick. "Well," says Sue, "I will go as soon as I have done." The mistress wants the needle; she can't go on with her work without the needle; she waits ten or fifteen minutes; grows impatient; "Phil, did you tell Peg what I told you?" "Ye—s, ma'am," says Phil, drawling out her answer; "Well, why don't the jade do what I told her?" "Peg, come here, you huffy, did you tell Sue what Phil told you?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, why don't the lazy trollop come along? Here I am waiting for the needle; tell the jade to come instantly."

Risum teneatis? Hold! my readers do not know Latin; but can you help laughing, my friends? Laugh then at the southern Nabob, with twenty fat slaves in his kitchen: Laugh well at him, for there is cause enough; then come *home* and laugh.

You want a good school perhaps ; and so do your neighbours ; but whose business is it to find a teacher, a house, &c. “ John I wish you would speak to William to ask Joseph to desire our friend Daniel to set about getting a good school. We want one very much ; it is a shame for us to be so negligent.” This is the last we hear of the good school. *What is every body's business is nobody's.*

You want to collect the public taxes into the treasury of the State. The towns choose constables or collectors of taxes ; no security is taken for a faithful discharge of the trust ; but a law is passed which says, like the mistress to her wenches, Treasurer, do you tell the constable to collect and pay over the taxes ; the Collector, like the Nabob's slave, has no motive for diligence ; he gets not half enough for collecting to pay for his horse flesh ; he lounges about a year or two ; squanders away the money ; and where is his bondsman ? The town ! right, the town is his bondsman. The law says, Treasurer, do you issue your execution against the Sheriff, and command him to levy upon the Constable, who is not worth a farthing ; get a return of *non est inventus* ; then levy upon his bondsman, the town ; take the estate of *every body* ; put it for sale ; get it receipted ; and *not delivered* ; sue the receipt-man, get the money, make the town pay it twice ; 27,000*l.* in arrears ! it is a shame ! Oh ! such a bustle with Mr. Every Body, and all to pick up a *needle* ! The State is like the Nabob's family ; “ Phil, tell Peg to tell Sue to pick up the needle.”

Now in fact it is a very easy thing to pick up a needle; but if one cannot stoop to pick it up, another ought to be *paid* for it. One servant, who is paid for his work, will pick up more needles than twenty fat lounging slaves, who think it a drudgery, and get nothing for it.

It would be a good thing for a State to know that *every body's business is nobody's*. Every man in Connecticut is responsible for a faithful collection of public money; then it is *nobody's business*. The Prompter never saw a watch with *two main springs*; much less with *two hundred*. One spring is enough; and that government, the executive of which depends on *many* springs, will jar, clash, stop, and be always out of order; 27,000l. in arrear!

Appoint one Collector, the Treasurer; make him answerable for the collection of the whole state-revenue. Let him appoint his deputies; let them be *few*, but let them be *paid*; all the difficulty will vanish; one spring will move the whole; the State-Treasury, like the Federal, will be supplied; no arrears then; no levying executions on towns.



NUMBER XIX.

WHEN A MAN IS GOING DOWN HILL, EVERY ONE GIVES HIM A KICK.

THIS, it is said, is *very natural*; that is, it is *very common*. There are two reasons for this; First, it is much easier to kick a man *down hill*, than to push him *up hill*. Secondly,

men love to see every body at the bottom of the hill but *themselves*.

Different men have different ways of climbing into ranks and office. Some bold fellows take a run and mount at two or three strides. Others of *less vigour* use *more art*; they creep slyly along upon their bellies, catching hold of the cliffs and twigs to pull themselves up; sometimes they meet a high rock, and are obliged to crawl round it; at other times they catch hold of a prominent cliff or a little twig, which gives way, and back they tumble, scratching their clothes and sometimes their skin. However it is, very few will lift their neighbours, unless to get a lift themselves. Yet sometimes one of these crawlers will lend a hand to their neighbouring crawlers; affect to pull hard to raise them all a little; then getting upon their shoulders, give a leap to an eminence, and leave them all in the lurch, or kick them over. The moment one begins to tumble, every one who is near gives him a kick.

But no people get so many kicks as poor debtors in failing circumstances. While a man is *doing very well*, that is, while his credit is good, every one helps him; the moment he is pressed for money, however honest and able he may be, he gets kicks from all quarters. His friends and his reputation desert him with the loss of his purse, and he soon tumbles to the bottom of the hill.



NUMBER XX.

I TOLD YOU SO.

WHAT a wise man is this *I*! He foresees all evils and tells when and how they will happen. He warns *every* one of *every* misfortune that ever fell upon him; after the mischief is all done, he struts and says, with a boasting superiority, *I told you so*, though perhaps he never said a word about it, until the thing happened.

It is warm weather; a man buys a quarter of veal or mutton; he deliberates whether he had better hang it up in the buttery or in the cellar; he does not know whether the heat *above* stairs, or the damp air *below*, is most injurious to fresh meat; finally, he puts it in the buttery; his wife knows nothing of this; but the next day the meat is spoiled; the husband says, "My dear, the meat is spoiled." "Where was it put?" says the good woman. "In the buttery." "Aye, *I told you so*," says the wife.

"My dear," says the wife, it is a very pleasant day, not a cloud to be seen; "I shall visit Mrs. Such-a-one to day; will you come and drink tea, and wait on me home?" The husband pouts a little; but the woman makes her visit; in the afternoon a shower comes over, and the earth is covered with water; in the evening the woman comes in, dripping with wet; her husband meets her at the door, exulting,

"*Aye, I told you so, but you are always gossiping about.*"

A young man in going to take a ride; it is fine weather, and he thinks it useless to take a great coat; a shower comes upon him suddenly, and he gets wet; he comes home at evening, and is met at the door with this consoling address, *I told you so.*



NUMBER XXI.

"CARPE DIEM."———HORACE.

"TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK."

THERE is a mighty difference between going *before* and *behind*; between *pulling* and *being pulled*. He who *takes time by the forelock* goes before, and helps the draft; but the man who does not is like a horse tied to the tail end of a cart, pulling back with all his weight.

Time is a sturdy beast, and steady to the draft; he will drag along the heaviest sluggard that snores and nods; but what a figure a man makes, tied by the head to Apollo's chariot!

The drone awakes in the morning; looks at the sun; "Oh! it is only an hour high;" down he lays his head. In summer the flies disturb him; they light on his face, and buzz about his ears; as much as to say, *Get up, you lazy fellow.* He brushes off the little busy monitors, swears at them, covers his face, or darkens the room; then sleeps in quiet. At length his bones ache; he shifts sides, and tries

hard to lie easy; but all will not do. By the middle of the forenoon, he is forced to leave his bed; he rises up *on end*; (but how the middle of a man can be called *an end*, the Prompter submits to the consideration of learned word-mongers;) he scratches his head; he gapes; after much ado, the man is up and dressed. He gets his breakfast, and then has an *hour* or *two* for business before dinner. The man is dragged along by time, and his business drags heavily after him.

Is he a merchant? Customers call before he is up, and go away as they come. One good bargain after another is lost, while the man is snoring.

Is he a mechanic? His apprentices follow his example; they doze away the morning; or get up and loiter about. Work is not done, or it is ill done, and the man loses his custom.

Is he a farmer? While he is in bed, the sun warms the air, and dries the earth. He loses the benefit of plowing the earth with the dew on, or cutting the grass when it is moist and cuts easy. Sometimes his cattle break into a field of corn and destroy the crop, while the drone is rolling from side to side to ease his bones, or brushing off the flies which interrupt his sleep.

Is he a public officer? He is everlastingly hurried, so that he cannot do any business. "Call another time, call again," is his answer to every man who wants business done. "Do you want a paper or a copy." "Oh, I ca'n't

attend to it now, you must call again." Such a man *never takes time by the forelock.*



NUMBER XXII.

SHE CARRIES THE BELL.

OUR honest farmers, who turn their cattle and sheep into the woods, put a bell upon one of the stoutest of the herd, which is said to *carry the bell*; and the rest of the flock usually follow their leader. So a lady of uncommon beauty or sprightliness is said to *carry the bell*. She is easily found, and has a large herd in her train.

This *carrying the bell* has a wonderful effect in procuring notice and admiration. It is like *getting one's name up*. The lady, who arrives at the honour of *carrying the bell*, may do and say what she pleases with impunity. Like the bell-wether in the woods, wherever she goes, even through swamps, and rivers, and briars, all the herd will stupidly follow.

A lady who *carries the bell* will have a crowd of flatterers about her; every one is her most humble servant. One will court her a few weeks; she will smile, till the man is half distracted; then she will frown on him, and smile on another. Sometimes she gives hopes that her heart and hand will be surrendered to her fond lover; then, all at once, she *can suit herself better*. She makes a dozen ninnies dance attendance for years; till at last she loses her character and admirers at once; or gives her hand, with a worthless, fickle, proud, unfeeling,

heart, to some good man of great simplicity of intentions. Here we have a pretty couple yoked together for life. But look ye, young bachelors; a lady, who *carries the bell* before marriage, always *carries the fore end of the yoke* after marriage. An officer who has long commanded a regiment is not easily reduced to the ranks. Astonishing! Can the Prompter wish a wife to be reduced to the ranks; subdued, humbled, commanded by her husband, like a soldier by his officers! No, no, my dear good woman; but will a *captain* lieutenant submit to be *second* lieutenant? "Ah! there's the rub."

How charming it is to *carry the bell*! Every body who comes to town must call upon the lady who *carries the bell*; just call at least, so as to say, when he gets home, "I saw Miss —, the *bell* of the town, and she looked and acted so and so." Every man who is going to Boston, to New-York, to Philadelphia, must call on Miss —, pay their respects, and beg the favour to be permitted to carry a letter from her to her friend. If she does not want to write, she must write a line at least; it is such an honour, a happiness, for every body to speak to her, to speak of her, and to carry a letter which *she* wrote. O the pleasures, the advantages, and the *wexations*, of *carrying the bell*!



NUMBER XXIII.

HE IS SOWING HIS WILD OATS,

AND a plentiful crop they will produce. It is expected of a young man that he will sow *all* his wild oats when young; but the mischief is, that a man, who begins life with sowing *wild oats*, seldom sows a better kind in middle life and old age.

Many a man has been ruined by an indulgent parent. He has a *sprightly turn*, as it is called; he likes a good frolick; he plays a good game; he is not malicious in his vices; in short, his father says, he is only *sowing his wild oats*; he therefore does not restrain him, or put him to business; the young man makes free with gaming and the bottle; at first he is moderate in his pleasures; he does not get drunk nor break windows. After sowing wild oats a year or two, he loves it better than ever; he gambles deeper; he leaves his quarter of a dollar a corner for a dollar, and a dollar for a joe. He drinks more, as his head bears it better; he stays later at night; at length he knows no bounds; he gets drunk; he oversets tables and chairs, and breaks windows and wine glasses; and this is sport; fun up to the eyes; and if the poor landlord interferes to keep order, he has broken glasses and bowls at his head; he retreats; and in the morning finds his house in a scene of desolation. In short, the young blade has been *sowing his wild oats*. A heavy bill for broken

tumblers, glasses, and chairs, follows the frolics ; but what then ? must a man never have a frolick, a scrape, a riot ? What a poor pitiful mouse of a man is he that always keeps sober, and stays at home ; or sits simpering and whimpering with Ladies ! Can a man of business or study be a gentleman, or a clever fellow ?

The young buck sows his wild oats till he is master of the business ; he does it with a grace ; a habit is formed ; ah ! then let him quit it if he can. O habit ! thou stickest to a man like his shadow or a guilty conscience.

“ But *reformed rakes* makes the *best husbands*.” Upon the honour of the Prompter, it may be so ; but such an animal as a *reformed rake* is as rare as camels or lions in America. The sight of one would command as good a price as that of the Ourang Outang. The creature is like *patriotism*, much talked about, and often praised, but never seen.

The man, who is indulged freely in sowing his wild oats when young, generally sows them all his days. But suppose he does not ; where is the advantage of sowing them at all ; “ None, will be the answer : but young folks all have follies they must get rid of.” True ; but in getting rid of *follies*, look to them well, that they do not acquire *vices*. Habit sticks fast to a man, like his skin ; look to that, says the Prompter.



NUMBER XXIV.

HE WOULD HAVE HIS OWN WAY.

AND no way is so good as *mine*, The question is not whether this or that is the *better* way, but whether it is *my* way or *your* way. Orthodoxy is *my doxy*, and heterodoxy is *your doxy*.

If a man is successful in an undertaking, every neighbour he has cries out, Ah! I thought so; that is *my* way, If unsuccessful, every one says, Ah! I told him so, but he *would* have his *own* way.

Said a very complying husband to his wife, "shall I put the winter apples into the east or west cellar. "Just which you please," said the wife; you know which is best." In the winter the apples froze, and were spoiled; the good lady found it out, and complained to her husband. "My dear, the apples are all froze and spoiled; you put them into the wrong cellar; but you *would* have your *own* way."

"Susy," says a careful mother to her daughter, who is going to Church, "it is cold; had you not better wear a cloak?" "Why, ma'am" says Susy, "I will do as you please; if you think it best I will wear one." "Well, I don't know, Susy, what to say; people hardly ever catch cold by going to church. You may venture to go without it, Susy." Susy goes to church; wets her feet, and in ~~two~~ days is quite laid up with a

cold. "I spoke to you about wearing a cloak; but you *would* have your *own* way."

"Father," says John, "Shall I go to mowing to-day?" "Why John," says the old Gentleman, "won't it rain? I should be sorry to have the grass cut, if it is going to rain." But John goes to mowing. Soon after, the clouds are dissipated, and a fine clear day follows. "Ah John," says the father, "I am glad you went to mowing; for I thought we should have a good day, after such a lousy morning."

"Husband," said a pious lady, "let us bring up Joey at College, and make a minister of him. We have but one, and I want him to preach." The son goes to College; there he learns that some other professions are better calculated to get money than that of clergymen. He leaves College, and studies law. The good lady's hopes are defeated, and in her vexation she declares she is sorry her son went to College. But, addressing herself to her husband, "you *would* have your *own* way."



NUMBER XXV.

IF I WERE HE.

AH! what if you were? Why I would do so and so. No, Sir, under the same circumstances, you would do just like him, or worse.

"If I were a minister," says a well-meaning parishioner, "and had as little to do as most

ministers have, I would study my sermons better. I would not come into the pulpit without a sermon, and have to make one as I go along; nor would I preach one of Blair's."

"If I were a lawyer," says a farmer, "I should not have the face to ask three dollars for a few words of advice." But suppose, sir, you had spent five hundred pounds in qualifying yourself to give that advice.

"If I were Mr. Such-a-one I would not be plagued with law-suits as he is. I am sure he might avoid it."

"Neighbour Such-a-one has a large farm; he owns a large stock of cattle; but he lives wretchedly in his house. His wife is a drozzle, his tables and chairs are covered with grease; *If I were he*, I would put things into better order, or *I'd know the reason why*."

Alas! poor man, wait till you have a flut for your housekeeper, and then change your tone.

"If I were a shopkeeper, I would not meanly undersell my neighbour, nor would I give credit. I am sure I should not be guilty of the dirty business of dealing out gills of rum to every low-lived fellow."

"If I were Such-a-one (says a young man) I would not marry such a lady, for, depend on it, she will be a Xantippe. *If I were he*, I am sure I could not love her."

"If I were a married man," says an old bachelor, "I would govern my children, or I would know the reason why. There is

Neighbour Such-a-one, who suffers his children to do all manner of mischief, and if a word of reproof is uttered, the little fellows laugh in their teeth." Bachelors' children are always well governed !

What a pity, that, since the world is so bad, this Mr. *I*, who is so wise and benevolent, cannot turn into *every body*, and correct every body's vices and follies ; then change from every body into *I* again, and correct *I's own* vices and follies.



NUMBER XXVI.

IT IS JUST AS THE FIT TAKES HIM.

THAT is, he goes by fits and starts. Whenever you meet with one of these fitty starting folks, keep out of his way ; he will embrace you most cordially one moment ; but if a cat treads on his foot, or his servant, by mistake, hands a bottle of claret, instead of port, he will scold and fret himself an hour about it.

These people, who go by fits and starts, are generally better companions abroad than at home. They vent all their spleen at their families. One hour they are all goodness and love ; the next, they are as inaccessible as hedge-hogs, " My dear," says the husband, when the fit takes him, " you have an excellent dinner prepared. This leg of mutton and the caper-sauce are most excellent." He has a change of plates, and takes a bit of beef-steak. " What in the name of

common sense does the woman mean, by suffering such a steak to come upon the table ? cries the husband—it is as tough as foal leather ; it is not fit for the dogs. My dear, I wish you would see the dinner cooked, and brought on in order. This is intolerable ; I never saw so bad a dinner any where but at home.” Poor woman, she makes a good apology ; the fault was in the beef, and not in the cookery. But the husband is in a rage, and will not be appeased. He goes by fits and starts. In five minutes, he tries a custard ; and “ never was better cookery, than at his house.” *It is just as the fit takes him.*

A woman forms an acquaintance with a young man of small fortune, but great merit ; she esteems him ; treats him with much politeness and respect ; he is, she really thinks, a worthy man ; but she finally perceives he has an attachment to her daughter ; “ Intolerable ! What *he* love my daughter ! How does he expect to maintain her in a suitable stile ? The man has not half the merit he had, in her opinion. It wont do ; she goes by fits and starts. What a *respectable* character must this be ?

But of all whimsical sorts of people, those are the most so, who are *religious by fits and starts*. They lengthen their faces at church ; draw down the corners of their mouths ; lift their eye-brows, and scowl ; the next day they torment their families with groundless complaints, fretting and ill-nature ; pee-

with at home, and probably knavish abroad.
It is just as the fit takes them.



NUMBER XXVII.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

NOT merely in stockings; it holds good in every article of business.

A woman wants to use a dish, a spoon, a pail, a tumber, or something else. When she has done for that time, she does not clean it, for she will put it up dirty, and wait till she has a number of articles to clean. By and by every thing is dirty, and half a day must be devoted to washing and scrubbing; whereas, had every thing been cleaned at first separately, it would only have filled up little vacancies of time which would not otherwise have been employed; the time never would have been perceived. Every thing that is left dirty tends to sour something about it; a few dirty articles in the closet make it necessary to clean and scrub the whole as often again as would otherwise be necessary. *A stitch in time saves nine.*

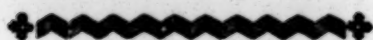
A man sees a post of his fence falling; *one* post commands but little attention; the fence will answer for this summer. The next spring the frost heaves the land, and loosens half a dozen posts near it, and the weight of the leaning fence pulls it down, and half a dozen lengths with it.

A clap-board gets loose, or a shingle upon his house. One clap-board off can do no

great injury, says the man; he neglects it; but rain and snow get in unperceived; and in a year or two *twenty clap-boards* are rotten, and fall off by wholesale. "Ah! says the man, this has been neglected too long. All this might have been saved with a few minutes trouble." True, but it is too late to shut the door when the horse is stolen. *A stitch in time saves nine.*

A lawyer or a public officer has papers to be filed. One after another is handed in, and he throws them into his desk, waiting for a large number, and then he will arrange them in order. Before he is ready, somebody calls, and wants to look at a paper; the man tumbles over the papers an hour or two, and after all cannot find it; but he will file them soon, and then he will be ready to show any paper whatever. *Pray, call again,* is all the man gets for calling.

But in no article does a *stitch in time* save so much as in government. One public officer neglects his duty a little; another cheats a little; but these peccadilloes are overlooked; the mischief is not great; the *public* do not feel it; and *individuals* will not inform, for they will make some scoundrel their enemy. At last a thousand *little evils* swell into a great *public* one; the public is cheated, betrayed, abused; but where is the remedy?



NUMBER XXVIII.

HE HAS COME OUT AT THE LITTLE END OF
THE HORN.

WHEN a man thrives and swells large, he comes out at the big end of the horn of course ; but when he pines away into poverty, he may very well slip through the little end.

A young man often has eyes bigger than his belly. He lays out *great* plans, which he has feeble means and *small* talents to accomplish. He begins a hundred things which he does not finish ; he plants his seed so thick, that the growth of the whole crop is checked, and it produces nothing in perfection. In a short time his means are totally exhausted, and *he comes out at the little end of the horn.*

A man begins trade upon credit ; as soon as he gets money into his hands, he begins to spend it ; he builds a large house ; he buys horses and carriages, makes entertainments, drinks rich wines, and wears expensive cloathing ; in a few months, he creeps out of the horn at the little end. He runs away, or looks through the grates.

A young man with a good trade, or a small farm, designs to live easier than by work. He begins to trade in horses, indigo, pins, and combs. He goes two hundred miles, with his saddle-bags loaded with commodities ; he barterers them away for horses ;

he leads home three or four horses; he makes a small advance on each, it is true; but he forgets to estimate, among profits and losses, the constant expences of himself and horses, the uncommon wear and tear of clothes, horse-equipage, and the accidents to which horses are liable, and the uncertainty of market, before the horses have eaten out half their value. The four-penny grogs and three-penny horse-baitings are overlooked; he pursues the business till he is sued; he wonders why he does not make money. At last he is jockeyed out of the little estate he had; *he is out at the little end of the horn*. By the way, a word to horse-jockies; the buyer of horses, who stays at home, and waits for horses to be brought to him for market, buys them to *advantage*. But the buyer who goes after them, and courts the sale of horses, buys them at a *disadvantage*. It makes an immense difference, to have the proposal come from the *seller* rather than the *purchaser*.

When a farmer runs to the merchant for goods, telling him, "Sir, I want some of your goods, but cannot pay you till fall," I expect to see him peep out at the little end of the horn. He takes up goods, perhaps rum, on credit, and intends to pay for them with his corn, his beef, and his pork. But suppose a drought or a blast cuts off his corn, and his grass is short, then he has none to spare, and he cannot fatten his hogs and his cattle. Poor man, he has consumed the merchant's goods,

and they are not paid for. Then a suit is brought for the money: officers' fees increase the sum; the man borrows money on interest to pay the execution, or parts with a horse or a cow at half price; in a short time his land must go at this rate; he slips out at the little end of the horn, and runs to the Ohio or the Genesee.

But no men go out at the little end of the horn so easily as the tavern-haunter and the grog-drinker. A fat young heir, just come in possession of his estate, mounts his horse, with his pocket full of guineas, and rides full tilt to the tavern.

He worships Bacchus twenty years, night and day. He takes his cheerful glass of wine at first, with very good company. He scorns to drink grog and toddy with the rabble. He once in a while gets tumbled under the table in a high gale; but in general goes home sober and clean.

By and by the smell of grog becomes agreeable; he begins to take a nip now and then; his relish improves by little and little, till he never steps into a tavern without calling for a glass of rum and water. When this is the case, his situation is desperate. To be in character, he must love dirty women; he must sneak about into kitchens and bye places, into barns and back-chamber-, in search of his filthy game. In a few years, he becomes a sot, a nasty debauchee; his clothes are torn and stained with liquor, and spotted with grease; his body bent down with intemperance; his

gouty feet swathed in flannel, his hands trembling, his bloated nose of crimson hue, and his knees tottering beneath his feeble emaciated carcase.

The Prompter appeals to every reader, man, woman, and child, whether this sorry fellow has not come out at *the little end of the horn*.

A man wants to be popular; he knows he has but small talents and no great integrity; but he can smile, flatter, and look sweet, at every body, whether knave, fool, or honest man. He plays off his arts for some years, till the mob cry out, he is *a clever man, he is not proud*. They then begin to lift him; make him a select-man, moderator of town meetings, tavern-keeper, constable, justice of the peace, colonel of a regiment, representative in the assembly, &c. He is aiming at the Senate, or at Congress, or at the chair of the chief magistrate. He expects to pop in at the next election; he doubles his smiles; but even fools discover his arts and his meanness; they neglect him; one young man after another goes over his head; he frets and wriggles awhile, but his hobby-horse cannot carry him a step further; he gives over the pursuit; and he sits down quiet in obscurity; *he is out at the little end of the horn*.

It is laughable to see the admirers of quacks, mountebanks, and jugglers, sneak out at the little end of the horn. Dr. Silverhead has just come to town; he cures all disorders; he never yet failed; he has a medicine, at a quarter of a dollar, which is infallible; he can turn unguentum, diachylon, and every sort of drug,

into silver or gold ; he changes quicksilver into dollars in half a minute ; he will cure all diseases but death, and make us rich by the great ; he is generous and benevolent, beyond description, he will take *no reward*, but as many *presents* as fools will give ; all the world go out after the quack ; he thrives upon their ignorance and credulity for a short time ; he draws the last nine-pence from the purses of his poor deluded followers ; he then takes a journey on *business of magnitude* ; and leaves them in the lurch ; *they are all out at the little end of the horn*.

Miss Smart is not a lady of fortune, but her father is a good liver ; he has a good estate, and has given his children a good education. Miss Smart gets above her school-mates, dresses well, and has the visits and notice of good company. She is addressed by a young man of no fortune, but of good education and character. " But she will not marry *him* ; not she. She must have a man of higher standing than all that." One good offer after another is rejected. She does not know how to choose a man that *will be* rich and respectable ; but she or any body else can know when a man *is called* rich. Every body wonders why Miss Smart cannot suit herself out of so many admirers. She is growing old ; *five and twenty* already ; and has not found the man to her mind. Still she is nice ; she has not seen any body she can love ; and it is better to live single, than to marry the man one cannot *fancy* ; [by the way, *fancy*, she supposes, will be a standing dish to feed upon through life ; but a word to the wise ; *fancy* is froth, mere froth ; a little family breeze blows

it away, and it is gone.] Miss Smart is *almost* thirty, and has seen nobody to suit her. Her admirers are gone; her friends are sorry she is difficult; her enemies *pity her and rejoice*. *At five and thirty*, Miss Smart marries a widower with seven children, and this is the last we hear of her whims and her prospects. She creeps *through the little end of the horn*.

A mechanic begins business with pompous promises; he will work *very reasonably* indeed, and his work shall exceed every thing of the kind. He gives his work a fine polish, a good gloss, and sends it out to satisfy his engagements and gratify public expectation. In a few days, one article breaks; then another, and a third; this is the man with fine speeches and promises; his credit is soon gone; he is *out at the little end of the horn*.

The merchant is determined to get rich very fast; he imports rum, high proof; it will bare reducing; he reduces it; he sells it for good West India rum; it is carted into the country; and lo! it is only strong grog. The purchaser curses the rum and the seller of it together; the merchant loses his credit and his custom, gets the name of a jockey, a cheat, and people go to others for their rum; for one dirty trick gives a whole town a bad name. A man, small enough to barter away his character, and that of his neighbours, for a gallon of rum, will easily slip thro' the little end of the horn.

Another set of men who most readily slip through the *small end* of the horn, are fat plump speculating doctors, taylors, carpenters, hucksters, and butchers. "Bless me," says the taylor, "*six per Cents above par, bank scripts*

at 80 dollars! Every body is making a fortune; it must be so; for what else makes the paper so high, and every body bewitched after it? This is the beginning and end of his calculation; he throws down his goose; hurries to the exchange or the brokers, and buys stock; and to make sure of a fortune, cuts deep; 50 shares in the bank at 180 or 240 dollars for 25! A fortune; a fortune! His head is so full of good fortune, that he cannot sleep for a night or two. Even his wife runs distracted at the thoughts of a fortune! In four days time, stock falls two, three, five hundred per cent; it subsides to that natural level, from which a hundred men of his fortune cannot stir it. Alas! the man is ruined in making a fortune! He creeps through *the little end of the horn*; but there is one comfort for him; he is as well off as his neighbours. Half the town is taken in as well as himself. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*; in plain English, *taylor stick to your goose*.



NUMBER XXIX.

STOLEN WATERS ARE SWEET.

A YE, and stolen cherries too, though, as green as an olive! But why does stealing a thing make it *sweet*? Here I am puzzled. Perhaps, because it *hits the taste* the better. What a *pure* taste must that be, which can relish green cherries, sour half-grown apples and pears, and green water-melons, as tough and insipid as a squash!

But stealing is done in the dark; it is a *fly* trick; and how clever it is to be *fly*! Yes,

and it is noble, heroic, and manly too! But stop; let us think a moment. *Heroism* in the dark! in private! alone! Amazing heroism indeed, when people are fast asleep, and not a puppy awake to resist you, to creep slyly and softly into a garden or an orchard, and pick a few cherries or pears, or trample on a few harmless melon-vines!

But who does it? the boys, the boys. Yes, long-legged boys of fifteen, twenty, five-and-twenty, years old. *Little* boys are usually put to bed by nine o'clock. No, no; these heroic fellows are *boys* indeed, but boys of size. Sturdy fellows, those that put on their beaver hats and muslin cravats on Sunday, and must be called *gentlemen*. But hark, ye gentlemen orchard-robbers and cherry-stealers, would ye like to be caught stealing sheep or robbing a hen-roost? Oh! no. But pray, where is the difference, between stealing sheep, and stealing fruit that a man labours several years to rear. I will tell you; the sheep-stealer, is if possible, the less mean and criminal of the two. If a man has a sheep stolen, he can buy another as good; but if he loses choice fruit, he cannot replace it at least for a year. The fruit-stealer therefore does more injury than the sheep-stealer; and I think the laws of the state will soon put both on a level, in *Newgate*. Fine *gentlemen* indeed you will be, when making nails; *noble fellows* at the anvil!

CONCLUSION.

The Prompter stops short, with sincerely wishing his readers *virtue, health, and dollars*.

FINIS.

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